

The TATLER

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Lord Louis Mountbatten And The Secretary Of State For War

Mr. Jack Lawson, the Secretary of State for War, talked to the Supreme Allied Commander South East Asia, Lord Louis Mountbatten, on the air-strip at Kandy, where he spent one night before going on to Delhi the next day. After the great welcome he received during his S.E.A.C. tour he is now home again, having answered thousands of questions from Service men. Mr. Lawson, who has always been one of the most popular of Labour members in successive Parliaments, has been Member for Chester-le-Street since 1919, and served at the War Office as Financial Secretary in 1924, where he acquitted himself with great credit and success



PORTRAITS IN PRINT

"Leonora" and the German Spirit

THE other day, in an Eton bookshop I picked up a slim, handsome folio entitled *Leonora*. Translated from the German of Gottfried Augustus Bürger, with Designs by the Right Honourable Lady Diana Beauclerc. Diana Beauclerc, the adored friend of Horace Walpole, Reynolds and Gibbon, was perhaps the most brilliant of the amateur artists who thronged English society in the eighteenth century. She particularly excelled in the drawing of cupids, and even the great Wedgwood drew inspiration from her. But it is not classical prettiness that makes *Leonora* fascinating. It is rather the clue it gives one to the workings of the German mind.

Bürger, the author of *Leonora*, enjoyed the tragic life which was then *de rigueur* for a poet: and a vast, incomprehensible popularity. "He is," says the preface, "generally elegant, often sublime and never unintelligible. . . . The scholar and the moralist cannot refuse praise where they have found entertainment, without disgust to their taste or danger to their principles: and the mechanic peruses with delight sentiments suited to his feelings, imagery familiar to his mind and precepts adapted to his practice."

So spoke the complacent translator some hundred and eighty years ago. But to our taste *Leonora* whether in German or in English, is pretty lamentable stuff. It is its mood that is important; for it goes far to explain Belsen and Buchenwald, Dachau and Auschwitz.

It is the story of a young person who loved a soldier called Wilhelm. Battles are lost and won, armies are demobilized, but still no Wilhelm. *Leonora*, very much upset, wails to her gloomy disapproving mother, when presto! Wilhelm is at the gate, impatient on a prancing steed. He insists on carrying *Leonora* off.

From the first his conversation is so funeral *Leonora* should have known something was wrong. But no! The obstinate girl mounts behind him, they ride through the night, the atmosphere of melancholy horror gradually deepens, strange skeletons and funerals flash in the darkness, and then at last, with a shrieking and a rattling of bones, Wilhelm himself turns into a skeleton, to carry *Leonora* in his grisly embrace down to the tomb.

"Gothick" stories were of course fashionable in other countries beside Germany a century and a half ago. England, after all, had her *Castle of Otranto* and *Monk Lewis*. But in *Leonora* there is a piling up of the gruesome that could only be German. Written for the luxury of frightening a happier and more balanced age than ours, it is the complete expression of that queer, almost Mongolian, morbidity which lurks in the recesses of every German's mind—in a Dürer, a Wagner, or a Thomas Mann. But Bürger, when he set fashionable skins tingling with horror, cannot have dreamed that his wildest, most mortuary fancies would one day be realized at Belsen, not after all so very far from Göttingen, where he passed the larger part of his stormy life. Of recent generations only that eternal school-boy, Mr. Ernest Hemingway, in his remote American security, can afford to dream up horrors. We live too close to real ones.

Georges Auric

DURING the last few days there have been a series of agreeable parties in honour of Norah and Georges Auric, the distinguished French composer. Georges has been writing the incidental music for Gabriel Pascal's elephant among films—*Cesar and Cleopatra* (I do not mean that the film is elephantine in manner, but only in the length of its gestation). Auric's *Matelots* was one of the most charming ballets produced by Serge Diaghilev

in the last phase of his fantastic career. If I remember rightly, it was the ballet in which Serge Lifar first made his reputation. But, to my mind, one of the most perfect examples of Auric's genius is a little song "La Gloxinia." The gloxinia with its voluptuous yet unhealthy air, the lovely velvet-pile petals is, for me, the very evocation of some expensive late Victorian party. All the queer and slightly ridiculous beauty of the flower has been caught and distilled into this song.

Sir Hedworth Williamson

NEXT to a Casino, what atmosphere is more exciting than that of an auction sale—particularly in the country? As I write, I wonder whether I have secured a pair of enchanting rococo "appliqués" which are being "offered" this morning, at the dispersal of the late Sir Hedworth



Chess Champion

Sir George Thomas played at the final tournament of the London Chess Championship, which was held during last week at the London Chess Centre, 28 Bryanston Square, W.1. Sir George, who is the seventh Baronet, has been British Champion in 1923 and 1934

Williamson's collection. Sir Hedworth was a scholar, a man of fashion, a friend of Royalty, speaking exquisite "Hotel de Rambouillet" French, and collecting a mass of charming objects into as shocking a house as could be found in the whole of the Isle of Wight. The habit of Edwardian people of taste to live against backgrounds of extreme ugliness seems to our generation almost incomprehensible. But, as Osbert Sitwell reminded us the other day, not so very long ago it was considered bad form to notice your house or its architecture at all. The presence of Royalty in the Isle of Wight has inspired round Ryde some of the most monstrous late Victorian and Edwardian mansions that can be imagined. I commend them to the attention of all students of the period. They must inevitably disappear soon. There are not enough girls' schools to fill one tenth of them. And then will go the last echoes of a fantastic age, when Alfred, Lord Tennyson was the second

ornament of the island, the "Squadron" lawn was the centre of the world, and pretty Miss Jerome, in the whirl of Regatta festivities, had just accepted Lord Randolph Churchill.

Bayreuth

I RECENTLY mentioned in this column a melancholy report that the Bibbiena Theater at Bayreuth, and the Residenz Theater at Munich had both been destroyed. I have now received from a learned and indignant reader of the TATLER apparently categorical information that the Bayreuth theatre is *not* harmed, and that the little masterpiece in Munich is not damaged beyond repair. It is impossibly difficult to find out the precise extent of damage to works of art in the British zone of Germany, let alone the American one. One is obliged to go by such scraps of information as one can glean from friends coming home on leave. I am, therefore, fairly impenitent about my mistake. I only wish all one's errors in life could turn out no less agreeably! The important thing is to excite and sustain interest in the preservation of beautiful buildings, beautiful objects, in all countries. The fervour of my correspondent's letter is a most reassuring sign.

Surrealism

AT the Arcade Gallery, of Old Bond Street, there is showing till the end of the month a most stimulating exhibition called "Surrealist Diversity, 1915-1945," with pictures by Picasso, Arp, Chirico, Magritte, and many more of the stalwarts. The catalogue is prefaced by quotations from André Breton to prove that surrealism is not dead. Personally, I can't help feeling the question to be of the most trifling importance. Surrealism has given us much pleasure and laughter in the past. To my death I shall treasure the memory of Dali's taxicab with the mannequin and the snails. And if surrealism can continue to stimulate and amuse us in the future, more strength to it. But the point is, it has already achieved its mission. It has given our minds, our eyes the shake-up that from time to time becomes essential. Even the most indignant academician has no doubt profited from it, though it might kill him to admit it. For rarely, I think, has an artistic movement created such a rumpus—unsurpassed even by the riot in the Paris Opera, when Wagner's music first reached Paris.

Willy Acton

I HAVE been infinitely distressed to learn of Willy Acton's recent death in Italy on active service. He and his brother, Harold, the writer and perspicacious expert on China and her literature, were charming ornaments of Oxford in my day. Descended from the Anglo-Neapolitan statesman who rose to be Prime Minister at the eccentric court of the Two Sicilies, they carried into our staid academical English world a breath of Southern fantasy, a bravura which is all too rare. Willy with his eye-glass, his lackadaisical airs, seemed at first sight just the typical Italianized Englishman, out of some novel by Norman Douglas. Then, as you got to know him, you came upon all sorts of fascinating incongruities. He was wildly generous, not a particularly Italian quality: he was infinitely strong, so strong, indeed, he is reputed once on a pier to have pulled up an automatic machine, showing a prison execution, and hurled it into the sea.

His letters were, perhaps, the best written by any one of my generation. Had he taken to literature he might, I think, have become a second Ronald Firbank. Instead, he evolved a very peculiar style of portraiture. The current beauties of our time he painted with a sort of Neapolitan sentiment, in pinks and blues and the glitter of blond tresses down to the shoulder. Then they became busts, marooned among sea-shells on lonely shores.

The terrors and boredoms of war left him quite unruffled. At the height of the blitz, when my wife lay an ill prisoner in a plastic cast, Willy would ring up and say she must listen to this Haydn Quartet, or perhaps a Portuguese *fado*. He would hold his mouthpiece near the gramophone. The lovely strains would come down the wire to charm and comfort somebody quite unable to take shelter against the bombs.

Simon Hanscom-Smith



The Duke of Windsor Returns to England and Visits His Mother

When the Duke of Windsor flew over from Paris recently he saw his mother, Queen Mary, for the first time for nine years, and stayed with her at Marlborough House while he was in this country. During his visit the Duke said that he had the opportunity of seeing the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, and other Cabinet Ministers. He was able to give them a full report on the situation in the Bahamas as he left it after five years as Governor



The Recent Investiture Held at Buckingham Palace By H.M. The King

A husband and wife who were both decorated were Major John Prichard, R.A.M.C., who received his decoration for courageous service in the field, while Mrs. Prichard was awarded the M.B.E. for her work as Controlling Officer of Field Kitchens in South Wales

Major-General Lomax, who received three decorations, the C.B., C.B.E., and a second Bar to the D.S.O., already had the D.S.O., and Bar, and the M.C. Several members of his family accompanied him to the palace, his wife, Mrs. Lomax, his daughter, Anne, and his mother, Lady Towle, who is the wife of Sir Francis Towle

Swaebe



AT THE PICTURES

with

✓ answer Agate.

Their Nonsense And Mine

CHARLES II, giving his Royal opinion why a certain foolish preacher should be popular, said: "I suppose his nonsense suits their nonsense!" I have often thought that a great deal of film criticism could be done away with by the simple application of this maxim. The other evening I turned into the luxurious and comfortable Paramount Cinema in Tottenham Court Road in time for the end of what looked like a first-class weepy. Aeroplanes were droning overhead. A young woman was looking soulfully up, while either hand was taken and held by a husky Air Force boy, one of them looking or saying: "It's kinda tough, kid." The other saying or looking: "He was a good guy."

HAVING nothing worse to do I stayed for the supporting picture called *Circumstantial Evidence*. In this a hot-tempered fellow was seen by five people to take an axe, lift it, and bring it down on the head of an offensive shopkeeper. The five people didn't see the blow connect, but they thought they did and gave evidence to that effect; actually, the man had accidentally fallen and split his head on a piece of iron. That's the story, and you can believe it or not. Anyhow, the man was condemned to death, and there was a great deal about a State Penitentiary.

AND now gather and surmise. Within a day or two of this drama's last act one of the condemned man's friends had the bright notion of staging a boxing match at the end of which there was to be a plot. The condemned man's son, aged fourteen, was to pretend to quarrel with one of the opposing team, seize a spanner and strike him on the head. The victim, having smeared his forehead with red ink or raspberry jam, was then to sham death. The purpose of all this? Arrangements had been made for the ringside seats to include the Governor of the State, the Judge, Counsel, and witnesses of the trial! The plot worked. "Arrest that boy," said the Judge. "Yes, arrest him," said every one else with the unanimity of a Gilbert and Sullivan chorus. So the police were sent for and the boy was arrested. Whereupon the boy who had been shamming dead got up and said he'd never felt better in his life, and told where he got the red ink or raspberry jam. It was then pointed out at some length that what had been a mistake in the case of the boy's fight might equally have been a mistake in the case of the man's fight. So the

Judge had the execution put off pending a re-trial. But taking advantage of the exciting happenings at the boys' club, the prisoner had escaped from the State Penitentiary. "That's very foolish of you," said his best friend. And the Gilbert and Sullivan chorus agreed that it was very foolish of him. So they persuaded the fellow to break into jail, and I give readers my word that the next ten minutes were as exciting as any I have ever sat through in the cinema. In other words, this film's nonsense suited my nonsense.

THE following afternoon I went to see *Indiscretion* (Warner). This is about a woman journalist who, in a paper called *Smart Housekeeping*, wrote a luscious column entitled "Diary of a Housewife." This so much enchanted her editor that she was forced for his edification to pose as a loving wife and mother, though she was actually neither. There came a time when she had to bath a borrowed baby, and was being shown how to do it by a naval lieutenant. Whereupon I left, indifferent as to whether clever Barbara Stanwyck should look down her long nose at me or not. Emphatically this nonsense didn't suit my nonsense. It is only fair to say that my retreat was covered by the howls and screams of an audience yelling even louder than the baby.

HERE, to conclude, is nonsense which is wildly my cup of tea, terrifically up my street, deliriously me. This is *The Seventh Veil* (Leicester Square). Francesca jumped into the Serpentine and being fished out gives a psychiatrist the benefit of her past life. She was born with a soul for music which everybody and everything conspired to frustrate. First, at fourteen, she is caned by her headmistress on the eve of a musical examination, and swollen hands and Mozart piano sonatas don't go together. Then she goes to live with Nicholas, her guardian and second cousin, who puts her through intensive training in the Conservatoires of Paris, Vienna, Rome, etc., etc. She makes her debut with the Greig (*sic*) in the middle of which she faints through catching sight of a former playmate in the audience. Then more schooling, in the course of which she receives a cable from London inviting her to appear at the Albert Hall. Nicholas urges her to accept, saying: "London has heard nothing like you in twenty years." Which seems a little rude to one or two pianists I could mention. She accepts, and duly turns up on the platform at the Albert Hall where she is accompanied by the L.S.O. in what the programme announces as the Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto in C Major, which seemed to my uninstructed ear to be the

same piece of music as the C Minor. At the end of the first movement, which took about one minute and a half, the ovation was such that Francesca walked off the platform, gathered an armful of lilies, and went out to supper—an innovation to which I call the attention of Mr. Moiseiwitsch. After all, why bother to finish the damned thing?

WE next saw Francesca glued to the mouth of a dance-band leader, an old flame, who presently revealed that, having been unable to wait for her all these years, he had gone and got married. So Francesca made up to a portrait painter who said he had an Italian villa and what about it? This was O.K. by Francesca, but aroused the anger of Nicholas who hit her over the knuckles with his walking-stick. Whereupon the portrait painter, throwing his Burberry round Francesca's shoulders, set out with her in an open car for whatever port one sails to Italy from. But being an unskilful driver he drove through a wall, which caused the car to take fire and gave us a shot of Francesca lying in hospital with her mitts wrapped in bed socks. But her hands weren't really injured, and presently she was pounding away at a Beethoven Adagio with the psychiatrist announcing that science had won. "Francesca is now ready to marry the man she most needs." At that moment I recollected a luncheon appointment. So whether she chose the dance-leader (under promise of divorce), the second cousin, or the owner of the Italian villa, I don't know. My own private bet is the psychiatrist, with a saver on the leader of the L.S.O.



"For God's sake try and look intelligent, here comes the 'Tatler' photographer"

"The Seventh Veil"

A Life Story Told Under Hypnosis

● Ann Todd has to act the part of a schoolgirl in the early scenes of her new starring film *The Seventh Veil*, and then that of a super-sensitive girl and famous pianist struggling under a cloud of unhappy psychological unrest. As Francesca she tells her own life story while placed under narco-hypnosis by a specialist, who is trying to find out what is troubling her. There are three men in her life, her guardian, Nicholas (James Mason), Peter, a Canadian (Hugh McDermott), and a painter, Max (Albert Lieven). It is the psychologist, however, who makes Francesca realize which of the three it is that she loves



Ann Todd as Francesca and Albert Lieven as Max



Francesca arrives at the home of her guardian, Nicholas (James Mason), a very wealthy man. Still a schoolgirl, she settles down happily in the luxury of his ornate residence



Nicholas discovers Francesca's gift for music and takes her all over the world to study in various European capitals. She eventually makes her debut as a classical pianist and is an instantaneous success



Francesca has a motoring accident and believes that she will never be able to play again. However, Dr. Larsen (Herbert Lom), puts her under hypnosis and is able to cure her of her unhappiness and unite her with the man she loves

The Theatre

"Henry IV"—Part II (New)

IT is generally agreed that in the Second Part of this play the Old Vic does somewhat less magnificently than it did in the First. There are miscastings which enforce severe penalties on important scenes and, perhaps because the company must have come tired to the final rehearsals, one or two easily remediable clumsinesses of stage grouping. On the first night some of the actors, among them Mr. Laurence Olivier himself, were heard only

in dramatic literature, and backed by a company so rich in accomplishment that the producer can afford to play the comedy for all its lights and cross-lights of subtlety rather than for its obvious theatrical effect. Mr. John Burrell never ceases to use this freedom in the Second Part, though it must be owned that he uses it less fully than he did in the First. The company is not, it would seem, quite rich enough in accomplishment. At

any rate, Miss Joyce Redman, an actress who can represent the pathos or the spiritual force of simple innocence to admiration, has been chosen to play Doll Tearsheet, a tough drab in whose abandonment lurks something of good-hearted tenderness and physical vitality and attraction. She is a wild trollop whom Falstaff, experienced in such matters, finds companionable. Miss Redman presents her as a pathetic little Irish servant girl who has come by too much drink. She is silly and helpless and no sort of match for Falstaff at a comic crisis. The effect of this curious choice is that the great scene in the Eastcheap tavern suffers. Its gross raillery is deprived of those touches of natural unforced senti-

ment which give it truth to life; and, to make matters infinitely worse, Mr. Burrell allows Doll's best line to be smothered. Her "Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares," she slobbers into Falstaff's unresounding bosom.

AND Mr. George Relph's vocal inability to bring sharpness of attack and braggart clamour to Pistol's rant is a revelation of how much the comic idea in this rhetorical rascal, apparently so slight and "literary," in fact contributes to the comedy at crucial moments. How marvellously right that it should be he who comes bursting into the country orchard where Falstaff sits autumnally quiet, enjoying the absurdity of the dupe from whom he has just "conveyed" a thousand pounds, to rave of "golden times and happy news of price," of "Africa and golden joys" and to demand in his ridiculously allusive way "Under which king, Besonian? Speak or die." No one as fitly as this ragged grotesque could chase the autumn out of Falstaff and restore roaring summer—for the last time. But Mr. Relph, excellent actor as he is, was not born with Pistol's windpipe, and the scene, grandly as it is presided over by Mr. Richardson, cleverly as it is upheld by Mr. Olivier's gnome-like Shallow and the broadly foolish Silence of Mr. Malleeson, remains unfinished.

YET, in spite of these handicaps, Mr. Richardson contrives to finish his Falstaff to the last fine shade—a portrait to be lodged affectionately in the memory. Mr. Harcourt Williams plays the Chief Justice with a firm grasp of the upright man's essential humanity; Mr. Hannen, though he interpret the King too conversationally, is consistent in his style and makes a fine thing of the death scene. Mr. Michael Warre has an easier time with Prince Hal than when he was vis-à-vis either Mr. Richardson's Falstaff or Mr. Olivier's Hotspur and he does not belie his promise. Faults the production may have, but one is eager to see it again.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



King Henry to the Renegade Prince Hal:
"What canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thyself"
(Nicholas Hannen, Michael Warre)

with difficulty. But to insist on these shortcomings is not to suggest failure, or anything like it. The performance is shot through with individual brilliance—the Falstaff of Mr. Ralph Richardson like a great sun going down the sky, the dim fantastic Shallow of Mr. Olivier over his pippins and his caraways in the sunlit Gloucestershire orchard, the even lesser Silence of Mr. Miles Malleeson who has been "merry twice, and once ere now," the troubled Bolingbroke of Mr. Nicholas Hannen dying to the faint, faraway surge of his own eloquence. No evening that has such things to show can be said to have failed. If choice must be made, certainly choose to see the First Part (you will get two great performances instead of one), but if it should be possible to see both on the same day the opportunity is not to be let slip for the sake of any business that is any way susceptible to postponement. Together the two performances represent a fine theatrical achievement.

IT has to be remembered how rarely we get Falstaff played in London not as a part only, but as a character, the richest comic character



Falstaff and his Flea-like Friends, Justice Shallow and Justice Silence:
"Will you tell me Master Shallow how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the statue, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit Master Shallow!"
(Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Miles Malleeson)



Joyce Grenfell as Herself

Mistress of Monologue

Joyce Grenfell in Some of Her Impersonations
from "Sigh No More"

● Joyce Grenfell has scored an outstanding success at the Piccadilly Theatre, in Noel Coward's revue *Sigh No More*, where, in addition to using her own inimitable monologues and lyrics, she is for the first time on the stage interpreting another's work and appearing in costume. Her character-studies have previously always been given in immaculate evening dress. Miss Grenfell, who is an Anglo-American, studied for the stage at the R.A.D.A. Her first job was as a radio critic, until she caught the attention of Herbert Farjeon, who invited her to go in to the *Little Revue* presented by him in 1938. In 1940 she appeared in *Diversion*, while since 1943 she has devoted herself to troop entertainment, going with her accompanist as a "two woman" entertainment to the Middle East, Far East and Pacific areas. She has visited all the places that she mentions in her monologue, *Travel Broadens the Mind*, and many others as well. Her husband is Lt.-Col. R. P. Grenfell, who made a flying visit from Belgium for the first night at the Piccadilly. For several years past she has been established as a radio personality, and has collaborated with composer Richard Addinsell by providing the lyrics for a number of successful songs



As a product of E.N.S.A.
in her own monologue
"Travel Broadens
the Mind"



As Lady Primrose Fairfield, the
countrified ingenue who wins
the heart of Charles II.
in "Pageant"



As the ebullient schoolgirl who sings a catalogue
of the family disasters with the "Smiling
Through" spirit in "This is the End of the News"



As the Victorian Society lady in
"Du Maurier," the song written by her-
self and composed by Richard Addinsell



Swabe

Relaxation Amongst Friends in the London Restaurants

Lord Newborough, a gay boutonniere relieving his dark suit, had three old friends with him: Mr. William Gardner, Miss Sybil Gardner and Major A. Nathan

Near by were three well-known film personalities—Mr. Lawrence Huntington, director of "Night Boat," and Mr. and Mrs. David Rawnsley. Mrs. Rawnsley is the daughter of Col. L. Lees, High Sheriff of Shropshire



The First Sea Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cunningham of Hyndhope, sat beside Lady Denis Boyd at the annual reunion dinner of the R.N.V.R. (Auxiliary Patrol) Club

ON AND OFF DUTY

A Chronicle of Town and Country

The King as Godfather

TO-DAY in Westminster Abbey His Majesty will assume the responsibilities of godfather to the infant Crown Prince of Yugoslavia, and will so complete a cycle of memorable occasions in the history of two Royal Families.

Twenty-three years ago the young Duke of York (as the King then was) left this country to carry out his first mission of importance as representative of his father, King George V., at a foreign court. The occasion was the wedding of the ill-fated King Alexander I. with Princess Marie of Rumania, which took place on a warm summer day in Belgrade. The King was "koum," or best man, to King Alexander, an office which, in the Greek Orthodox Church, involves future duties as a godfather. Twenty-two years later His Majesty again stood as "koum," this time in the London

Legation, when his godson, King Peter, married the dark and attractive young Princess Alexandra of Greece. Now the Abbey function, with the infant son of this marriage as the principal figure, brings the King's duties into touch with the third generation of the Karageorges.

Romantic Setting

A REALLY romantic scene was the wedding of Capt. the Hon. Colin Dalrymple, youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Stair, to Miss Pamela Wicklam, which took place during the late summer at St. George's Church, Venice. The bride, looking radiant in a long white crepe dress, with a tulle veil held in place by a wreath of tuber roses, came down the Grand Canal to her wedding in a gondola. She was escorted by her cousin, Lord Adam Gordon, who gave her away. The best man was Major Richard Coke, D.S.O., M.C., a brother-officer of the bridegroom.



Ladies' Night "With Special Reference to the Wrens" of the R.N.V.R. (Auxiliary Patrol) Club

Capt. Sir Ion Hamilton Benn, R.N.V.R., drank an aperitif before dinner with Mrs. George Creasy and Rear-Admiral George Creasy



After dinner, Sir Philip D'Ambrumenil, the Deputy Chairman of Lloyd's, and Lady Cholmondeley, Superintendent, W.R.N.S., indulged in serious conversation



Swaebe

Young Committee Members Get Together to Aid St. George's Hospital

Miss Pamela Gurney, the Hon. Charles Stourton, Miss Jane Ruggles-Price and the Hon. Patricia Stourton were a gay young foursome at the Duchess of Grafton's party in the Blue Room of the Lansdowne Club

Others joining in with zest were Mr. George Seymour, Lady Jane Nelson and Lady Rupert Nevill. The object of the party was to plan the Grosvenor House Ball to be held on November 10th to help the hospital

After the ceremony the bride and bridegroom were piped away from the church by the Scots Guards (the bridegroom's regiment) to the waiting gondola, which took them to the reception at the Luna Hotel. Both the bride and groom have been stationed in Italy for some time on war service and hope to be home soon. The bride has been working as a welfare officer with the British Red Cross; she is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Wicklam, of Star Hill, Basingstoke, and a cousin of the Marquess of Huntly, the premier Marquess of Scotland.

Scottish Newsreel

A MIRACULOUS spell of sunshine and blue skies has provided persevering sportsmen in Perthshire with something to write home about other than the dearth of grouse-birds. End of the season "grouse drives," however, are very much in full swing. Over at Blair Drummond, near Doune, Sir Kay and Lady Muir have had a number of shoots. Visitors to this lovely house are lucky, since its charming Bulgarian-born chatelaine—the former Nadejda Stancioff—and her Scottish husband surround themselves with a scintillating assembly of interesting friends all the year round. Recent guests at Blair Drummond have been Mme. Guepin (Lady Muir's sister) and Lord Killearn. By the time you read this, Lord and Lady Killearn will be preparing for their return journey to Cairo, much to the sorrow of their countless friends on both sides of the Border.

Lady Muir, like many other of her Perthshire neighbours, has been too occupied to pay more than a fleeting visit to London since the beginning of the war, especially so since Blair Drummond is still a hospital for Polish soldiers. Her mother, Comtesse de Grenaud, escaped from Bulgaria with her only unmarried daughter last year, while a young cousin, Victor Tachet des Combes, played a leading part with the Maquis in his native province of Haute Savoie.

Lady Muir always says that she finds much in Scotland that puts her in mind of her homeland. Both countries, incidentally, share a preference for scones, bagpipes and tartans.

Christening

COMMUTING, across Strathearn, to Abercainry, where coveys of contented convalescent Service men stroll beneath the cedar-trees, the popular and hospitable laird, Major James Drummond-Moray, and his wife, installed in a nearby cottage, were to be found in the midst of an important family occasion. A luncheon-party for twenty-seven in these frugal times is somewhat of an ordeal, but the Lady of Abercainry provided a most excellent "board," following the christening ceremony of young Michael Wilkin at the neighbouring church of Fowlis Wester. Mrs. James Wilkin, the baby's mother, is Major Drummond-Moray's younger sister and lives over at Comrie. Her husband,



The Chairman and Two of Her Helpers

Her Grace the Duchess of Grafton is chairman of the Ball Committee. She is particularly anxious that the ball shall be a success, as it is being almost entirely organised by the younger generation without the help of their elders

Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy and the Hon. Mrs. Lakin went into conference on their own particular contributions to the planning of the ball. Lady Mary is Lady Jane Nelson's younger sister

unfortunately, is at the moment with his regiment in India.

Besides the four Abercainry children—Lucy, Bill, Johnnie and David—youthful guests included Nicola and William Weld-Forester, whose mother (formerly Miss Anne Drummond-Moray) has not long since returned to this country after a long stay in Damascus, where her husband is British Consul.

Then there was Major Andrew Drummond-Moray and his tall, good-looking wife, who have three small daughters, and divide the year between Perthshire and Chobham, in Surrey.

In order to contend with the rather limited accommodation at the cottage, the Drummond-Morays have resourcefully transformed a summer-house in their garden into a most comfortable "guest hut."

Hut H.Q.

WRITING of huts reminds me of the enviable one which the Captain of Dunstaffnage—Mr. Angus Campbell—has been making his headquarters on his Argyllshire property near Oban. This emergency measure, brought about by the sad destruction of Dunstaffnage's former

house, and all its magnificent treasures, not long ago, has become the envy of all his friends in the county. Its scarlet-painted windows and doors, and roof of Canadian wooden tiles, give this one-time navy's hut quite an air of distinction. It was brought in sections from a remote part of Inverness-shire.

A not far distant neighbour of Dunstaffnage—Mr. Courtauld of Muckairn—has been busy buying cattle in Oban for his new home-farm on Loch Etive-side, where he and his wife evacuated some time back from Eltham Palace. Muckairn is a most attractive place, surrounded on all sides by some of the finest scenery in the Highlands. It formerly belonged to General Sir William Thomson.

Island Home

ANOTHER visitor to this part of the north has been Lady Congleton, who was recently to be seen passing through Oban, the Charing Cross of the Highlands. Her young son, Lord Congleton, has just bought the island of Ulva, off the coast of Mull, and not far from Lord and Lady Redesdale's island estate, Inch Kenneth.

(Concluded on page 120)



A View of the Hack Class During the Judging

Banbury Horse Show and Gymkhana

Held at the Old Horse Show Field,
Oxford Road, Banbury



In the children's jumping for ponies a young rider is seen taking Mrs. M. A. Dunne's Arabella over a fence with skill and assurance



Miss M. Matkin was riding Mr. W. H. Cooper's Wavering Bee, which was the winner of a first in both the Best Lightweight and Best Ladies Hunter classes



Another prize-winner for Mr. W. H. Cooper was his horse Beau Geste, ridden by Mr. H. Gittins, which was awarded a first, in Class 6, for the Best Heavyweight Hunter



Miss Annie Wyndham Lewis, Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, Mrs. William Fox-Pitt, Cdr. Fox-Pitt, Miss Sarah Fox-Pitt, and not forgetting Ginger, the dog, were all enjoying the show



Mr. R. Lane's Corona in the Open Jumping Class



Mrs. M. A. Dunne is seen on her horse, Angel, winner of the Hack Class, on which she has won many prizes. Mrs. Dunne is a well-known follower of the Warwickshire Hounds

● Banbury Horse Show and Gymkhana was held at the Old Horse Show Field, Oxford Road, Banbury. The proceeds from it went to King George's Fund for Sailors and British Legion Welfare, and as the Show took place on a Saturday, there were also a good many spectators who followed the events with keen interest. A new idea which everyone appeared to find very comfortable were the trusses of straw placed around the ringside for seats



The Hon. Mrs. Cardiff, Lord Newborough's only daughter and wife of Lt.-Col. Cardiff, Scots Guards, was looking on with Mrs. David Price



The Master of the Old Berkeley Foxhounds, Major Stanley Barratt, of Great Westwood, King's Langley, and Mrs. S. Barratt were watching events between riding in the show



Mr. J. G. Bletsoe and Capt. Guy Lucas were judging the classes at the show. Capt. Lucas is a very well-known judge of both hunters and hacks

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

RIBBENTROP's newly-grown beard, which has attracted the hawk's eye of a Special Correspondent, is undoubtedly a manifestation of rage, despair, and frustration, like most beards inside the Brains Trust and out. We saw it coming years ago.

Anybody sensitive to atmosphere who ever went to one of Ribbentrop's evening parties in Carlton House Terrace must have noted how accurately the roving, uneasy eyes of his Excellency expressed the situation. Something was always lacking. The Embassy *décor*, on which Frau Ribbentrop had spent such sums of public money, was smart, noisy, and glittering, like the food, the drink, and the Ambassador's more intimate buddies in Society. He had lots of gaudy people there, but were they the best people? Damnation, was he wasting old Schacht's dough? No such anxiety seemed to perturb the Frau. The guests matched everything perfectly, the servants were rigidly disciplined, Wotan and Freya and Baldur the Beautiful were in their Heaven, and a few years hence (said the Frau to herself, no doubt) all these fools will be queuing up eagerly to kiss the Fuehrer's hand at Buckingham Palace. Okey-doke, the Frau seemed to be saying with her calm, glaucous eyes. By her everything was astronomich. But her husband was already fingering an imaginary beard. Something was wrong, and he knew it. And frustration, already beginning to fester in the Ribbentrop bosom, has now burgeoned in a crop of odious blond whiskers. It was inevitable.

As for beards connected with the Brains Trust, a chap tells us their owners often wake and scream in the night. Asked why, like Mr. Beit in the poem they make no reply.

Wash

A LAUNDRY mogul's cry to Auntie Times that it is unfair to attack laundries in present circumstances for havoc and delay seemed reasonable enough. With civilisation tottering to its doom it seems rather silly to fuss over such things, a tall girl was telling us.

Fussy chaps should contemplate the Shropshire Lad, who, though he carried such a burden of misery and despair, did not raise hell when his collars came back frayed from the wash, but shrugged it off with a bitter smile.

Homespun collars, homespun hearts,
Wear to rags in foreign parts.
Mine at least 's as good as done,
And I must get a London one.

Since the Lad was due to cut his throat sooner or later it probably didn't matter either way. Anyhow clean linen is a quite recent fetish. Nothing seems to us more absurd in any West End production of an 18th-century play than the spectacle of all those cleanly chaps swaggering about the stage in snowy cravats and ruffles. The real Eighteenth Century type is the wealthy fashionable rake Topham Beauclerk, who was not only perpetually dirty but actually verminous, and "Jockey of Norfolk," the eleventh Duke, that celebrated patron of the Arts, who rarely changed his shirt and could only be washed by his servants when too drunk to resist. The curious modern superstition that glossy boiled shirts and clean ears are connected with Rule Britannia and the Empire and Drake's Drum and Clive of India and all the rest of it is the purest boloney, however you slice it. (End message.)



"Clifford! how dare you distress Agnes like that!"

Dope

TOTAL prohibition of opium, to be enforced on all British-protected territories in the Far East, will have the beneficial effect, among others, of discouraging any native chaps who feel they would like to describe their experiences in print, like that bore De Quincey.

On 8000 drops of laudanum a day De Quincey saw a lot of "dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms," and confusing Asiatic scenery. He was also pursued in his dreams by a Malay gentleman out for his blood. Other chaps are pursued in their dreams—we know one who runs night and day from a tiny Tibetan estate-agent without a face who wants to scoop out his inside with a large curved knife—but they don't write about it in tiresome overcoloured prose. We once congratulated this particular chap on his restraint. He said to betray his Tibetan chum to the public would be a cad's trick. Our conversation continued:

"You like him, then?"

"I've got used to him."

"He wants to murder you?"

"Well, he really seems to be wanting to sell me a freehold messuage in the Lhasa area, but he makes such awful faces I can't be sure."

"How do you know he's an estate-agent?"

"He has the sort of dry cough estate-agents have."

It seems that a Harley Street psychologist recently gave this poor chap a highly expensive course of treatment. At the end of it the psychologist said triumphantly: "It's all over. He is no longer there." "Yess, pleass," said the little Tibetan pest, appearing immediately from behind



"You always travel with yer back to the engine. O.K., ma'am, please yerself which way you stand"

a screen and making smiling gestures with his knife. "My mistake," said the psychologist, visibly annoyed, and showed him the door. This cost our poor friend another fifty guineas. De Quincey got off more cheaply with his Malay, apart from being a more crashing bore.

Cry

ONE good way out of the acute secretary-shortage at Westminster, of which M.P.s are complaining in such anguish, is to prevent the hamfaced populace from writing to them so much, an M.P. friend suggested to us last week. It isn't as if the letters the populace writes to M.P.s are interesting, he added. Masses of them are plumb cuckoo.

Once, and once only, we were stung into writing to a strange M.P., denouncing him (on the notepaper of a good club) as a pin-headed cretin. He wrote back next day denying it steadfastly, which shows how little the legislative boys are in touch with reality; but the fact that he replied at all seemed to us somehow pathetic. The club-notepaper did it. Cuckoo we might be, but evidently we were higher-grade or pro-consul-cuckoo, one of that wild-eyed band of mad admirals and loopy ex-Governors and haunted Civil Servants, Class I., and barmy archdeacons and generals ripe for the nut-house who infest all West End clubs of standing and write all day long to the *Times*. In a word, this M.P. was the least bit of



"I can remember when all that was rubble"

a snob, alas. Having received some 150 letters from the populace that day describing him as a sub-human parasite, he had doubtless chucked away all except those on watermarked paper with engraved headings like "*The Primings, Cheltenham*," or "*Faughaughton Hall, Salop*," or "*Mausoleum Club, S.W.*" We noted that at the recent election his constituents rejected him for this Fascist trick, very wisely.

Afterthought

THERE'S an old French guiding principle which would relieve the better kind of M.P. of all his correspondence-worries, namely the principle that if left to pile up on the table long enough, letters answer themselves. The French (*vive la politesse*) rarely answer letters of any kind, and how right they are, more often than not.

Illusion

THE Turks, being subject to the same heartbreaking illusions as everybody else, are pretty cockahoop at the moment over those powerful new wireless stations to be erected shortly at Ankara and elsewhere, apparently. They think it will make them happier, a chap in close touch was telling us.

Whatever makes a Turk happy—apart from a good massacre of Armenians, and even that glow soon fades—it will not be wireless, as we in the West could sadly confirm. Wireless merely makes everybody more drawn and yellow.

It may conceivably amuse the Turk to set up a vast new bureaucracy containing Directors of Administration and Programme Contract Executives and Acting Deputy Assistant-Directors of Microphonic Psychology and all the tralala. Maybe, having a simple sense of humour, the Turk has sent representatives already to the BBC Training School, where Aztecs and Hottentots and Hairy Ainus and Eskimos learn to perform laryngeal exercises at the microphone so exquisitely that women swoon with rapture and strong men go mad with fear and jealousy. But after that? Nothing. *Le néant. Nada.*

Sanctions

FOLLOWING a dozen recent resignations from the Comédie-Française, the Republic has been forced to raise the actors' salaries, a species of blackmail which would have raised the eyebrows of the Old Régime, we guess.

Under the Monarchy the boys and girls of the House of Molière were servants of the Crown and had to watch their step accordingly, as the famous actress La Clairon discovered when she went on strike with half a dozen colleagues one night in the 1760's and was promptly conveyed to the cooler in her powder and panniers for a week, during which time her supper-parties attracted *le Tout-Paris* and the streets leading to the prison were blocked with gilded ducal coaches. Tantrums and temperament in the theatre have never been so efficiently dealt with. The archives of the Lieutenant of Police are full of lesser cases, among them that of an English male ballet-dancer who turned up plastered at the Opéra and was juggled for 48 hours. The underlying principle—quaint as it seems nowadays—was that actors and actresses owe a duty to the paying public and should be punished for not performing it.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Keep still—he thinks we're decoys"

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

A Visit to the Circus

DO.A.H.—Do you go to the circus in England, and, if so, do you agree with me that the best kind is the little touring, one-ring show which sets up its tent on the village green? It boasts of only half-a-dozen turns, and these compose the whole programme, as they all "double" in several numbers. By "doubling" I mean that the acrobat, having risked his neck 20 ft. above the sawdust, returns to earth and is seen later in a musical number; that the juggler reappears in a tumbling act; that all the clowns, when they are not clowning, have their "speciality," and perform them; that the "hoop-là," equestrienne discards her tights and tulle skirts and is applauded in the second half of the show wearing the sober habit demanded by la haute école; that the ringmaster is usually an adept at whirling the lasso, knife-throwing or trick shooting, and his lady-wife has a nitwit number of trained cats and dogs—during which I usually go out and visit the stables! Not, I grant you, that the performing animals we see are unhappy or ill-treated, but it is what they represent that turns me stummick! I think of the numbers of wretched animals which have not survived the training, and—but I have been told, very wisely, that these letters must not be grim. (This is why I never speak of French politics or mention the Laval trial in a so-called court of justice.)

In Paris we have the one-ring Cirque Médrano, which functions permanently and is crowded at every performance. It stands half-way up on the slopes of Montmartre, and one can almost taste the familiar, stable smell of straw and ammonia and the less-pungent odour of white-wash and grease-paint as one emerges from the nearby Pigalle (pronounced Pig-ally by our visiting G.I.s) Metro station. One is greeted also by a fanfare of French horns played by six pink-coated, velvet-capped huntsmen grouped on the steps in front of the main entrance. Along the pavement stretches an unruly queue, kept in line with the greatest difficulty by a number of sergents de ville. These are the patrons of the cheaper seats (comparatively cheaper!), and I sympathise with them when they yell sarcastic comments at the lucky ticket-holders and guests of the management going to their reserved stalls. Little ladies with absurd hats perched on still more absurd coiffures are unmercifully quizzed. On the walls of the



Mlle. Mireille Perrey is a young member of the Comédie Française, who has also appeared in musical comedy and revues in Paris and London with great success. She has a charming voice and is also a fine violinist

promenade that encircles the arena under the rising tiers of seats hangs a priceless collection of posters and photographs of bygone and present-day stars: Little Tich, Baggasen, Cinquevalli, Grock, Barrette, Rastelli, Lilian Leitzel, the Codonas—to mention only a few. Faded, old-fashioned examples of Nadar and Manuel's work; modern and beautiful studies by Studio Harcourt or Teddy Piaz. Photographs sprawled with autographs and expressions of eternal devotion to "Monsieur Médrano." British performers have a great fondness for signing themselves "Yours truly," while the French stars assure him of "all" their affection.

I always try to get to the circus early so that I may visit the stables, but now, alas, there are no more heaped trays of sugar and apples and carrots awaiting distribution, and the ponies, knowing this, no longer stretch their necks eagerly towards the visitors. When—as I do—someone brings them unexpected tit-bits they



Mme. André-Kahn (the former Monica Wentker) is the British-born wife of Lt.-Col. André-Kahn, a noted leader in the Résistance. She and her husband belonged to the famous Vercor maquis near Grenoble, and tracked by the Gestapo, they had to change their hiding-place eighteen times

go wild with delight, and in a moment the news flashes from the first stall to the others, and they all start whinnying and pawing impatiently. The other night I ran short, and had to fall back on Black Market biscuits from a nearby restaurant. This, I think, was clearly permissible, even though it made me late.

It is a long time since I sat through such an excellent programme. Yves de la Cour, an ex-Cavalry officer, presented his famous white stallion en haute école. This horse has a history. During Occupation the Houcke Circus was installed at the Grand Palais. When the Allies were marching on Paris, the Houckes were amongst the first to march out. By some strange oversight (sheer panic might be a good explanation!), for he was Houcke's own and favourite horse, the white stallion was forgotten. The Grand Palais was fired by the Germans, but the F.F.I. were able to extinguish the flames before too much damage was done; amongst them was Yves de la Cour, who discovered and rescued the terrified animal. The sequel is to be found at Médrano. Judging by the performance, the white stallion adores his new master, and the master is very rightly proud of his conquest.

The second part of the programme is a floor show, with such dancers as Myrio and Desha and that very clever young juggler Paolo, who is almost—and some day will be—as good as the late Rastelli. Then came the return of an old, old favourite—"with her family"—Maria Valente. She is as amusing, as graceful, as clever and—despite "the family"—as young as ever. I had expected the "family" to consist of two or three infant prodigies acquired during the war, and I awaited the worst with patience and resignation. Instead of the dreaded, lisping brats, we were suddenly delighted by the appearance of three really bonny youngsters. A lovely, fourteen-year-old girl, playing the guitar and dancing almost as well as her mother; a handsome boy of sixteen who does everything that can be done with a saxophone; and a younger edition of twelve or so who handled a concertina with Grock-like dexterity. These three were sandwiched into Mama Maria's old number with her dourly-amusing husband without spoiling the turn or being spoiled by it. And this, methinks, is a tour de force.

The long programme ended at something past eleven, but the hour of the last Metro has been greatly retarded, so who cared. No longer need we make a dash to the nearest station, and the trains are half-empty. Paris has not yet gone back to its pre-war habit of shows that start at nine and finish around midnight. A detestable habit, I think, but it suits those who like to enjoy their dinner at eight and who will always manage to be late at whatever hour the curtain rises.

PRISCILLA.



Paris Holds Her Annual Used-Articles Market in the Boulevard of Richard le Noir

Scarcities following the war have given an added importance to the used-articles market, which is held in Paris each year. Goods of endless variety were on display on the stalls and most of the buyers were seeking articles that are unobtainable in the usual Paris store. A prospective customer is seen examining a camera sold by Jean Grassin, who has specialised in the sale of photographic equipment, which is so scarce in Paris



A happy group in the garden of Thirlestane Castle, Lauder, Co. Berwick, were the grandchildren of the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale and three friends. They are: Miss Camilla Moon, Master Jeremy Moon, the Hon. Mary, the Hon. Elizabeth and the Hon. Anne Maitland, the Hon. Diana Conolly-Carew, Master Ian Maitland and the Hon. Patrick Conolly-Carew

Three Generations at Thirlestane Castle

The Home of the Earl of Lauderdale in Scotland

Photographs by Clapperton, Selkirk



The Earl of Lauderdale is seen with one of his grandchildren. Their father, the late Viscount Maitland, was the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale's only son



The Hon. Elizabeth, the Hon. Mary and the Hon. Anne Maitland were playing with their grandmother, and their mother, Lady Maitland. The late Lord Maitland was killed in action in 1943



Mr. Patrick Maitland, who is a grandson of the thirteenth Earl of Lauderdale, was photographed with his wife, the former Miss Stanka Losanitch, of Yugoslavia, and their two children, Ian and Olga

● *Henry IV., Part I.*, presented by the Old Vic Company at the New Theatre, is an outstanding production, magnificently acted. Ralph Richardson's Falstaff is a performance which has been proclaimed as the Falstaff of the century, unsurpassed for over fifty years; and in the part of Hotspur, Laurence Olivier, as always, fills the stage with the controlled force and fire of his acting. Nicholas Hannen's dignified King Henry, young Michael Warre's Prince Hal, Sybil Thorndike's Mistress Quickly and Margaret Leighton's Lady Percy are all extremely fine performances



Michael Warre: Prince Hal



Nicholas Hannen: King Henry

Shakespearian G

Six Portra
"Henry IV



Laurence Olivier: Harry Hotspur



Margaret Leighton:
Lady Percy

Photographs by
John Vickers



Sybil
Mistr



Ralph Richardson: Sir John Falstaff

Home in Sussex :

Sir Graham Cunningham
and His Wife



Woolmers Is a Sixteenth-Century House at Mannings Heath

● SIR GRAHAM AND LADY CUNNINGHAM have transformed the once derelict grounds surrounding their lovely sixteenth-century home at Mannings Heath, Sussex, into a picturesque and well-flowered estate. Both of them are keen gardeners, and during the past few years they have achieved wonders. Sir Graham, who is a cousin of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cunningham of Hyndhope, has, since 1942, been Controller-General of Munitions Production. He and Lady Cunningham will be leaving the country soon to visit South Africa, by invitation of the South African Government. While there, Sir Graham will tour the country to tell something of the wonders achieved by our own factories during recent years, and to thank workers over there for the help they have so unstintingly given to the Mother Country

Photographs by Swaebe



In Serious Mood : Sir Graham Cunningham

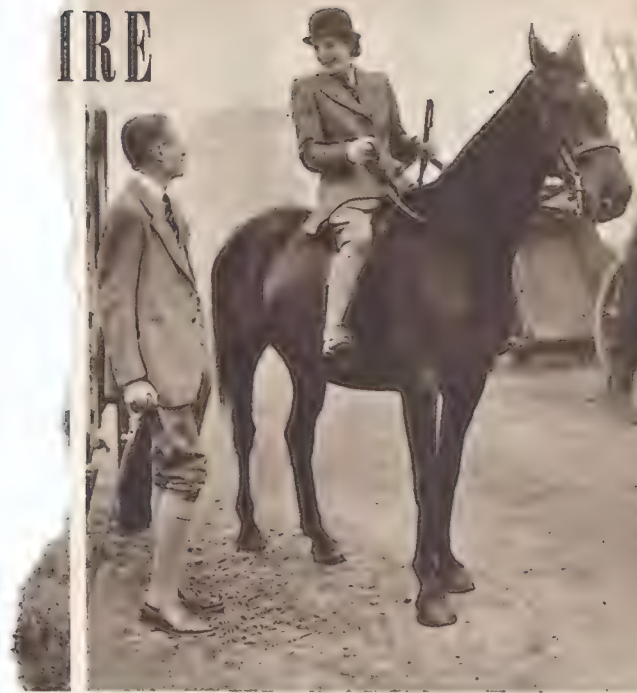


Scottie Does His Tricks For His Mistress



The Lake Reflects the Beauty of the Garden

IRE



ne for Twenty Years

Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P. for Portsmouth, was at the meet and was chatting to Mrs. P. Evans, who is the wife of G/Capt. Evans, R.A.F. Hounds met at Bury Farm, Edware, where the surrounding land had been given over to food production during the war

Middlesex, which was unique in that it was only ten miles. Arch. For the cost of a short bus journey from the centre of London, people could watch the colourful and essentially peacetime spectacle in London's green belt at Edware, where the foxes have overrun the land

Atomisation—Eleventh Century

THE Chief of Staff of the United States Army has been kind enough to catalogue some of the things which are certain to come upon us if the world is so foolish as to allow "Welshian Warfare"—a happy phrase—to supervene! In this praiseworthy task, General Marshall was greatly aided by the Commanding General U.S. Army Air Forces, General Arnold, who was directed to confine himself to things actually ready, to the exclusion of the shape of things to come. Rocket-propelled planes, carrying atomic bombs, directed to their targets by electronic devices and new instruments, which guide them to sources of heat, light and magnetism; 45,000-lb. bombs already ready; 100,000-lb. ones in the blue-print stage, carried by jet-propelled planes with a speed faster than sound—and no "maybe" about any of it. In view of all this extremely uncomfortable information, it may, perhaps, be of some solace to remind ourselves that a prophet who was born just about the time when William of Normandy was winning the Battle of Senlac, was almost equally disturbing, for he reminded us that "... if the wine you drink, the lip you press end in the Nothing all things end in—yes?—then fancy while thou art thou art but what thou shalt be—Nothing—thou shalt not be less." Like those of so many other prophets, Omar's lips are stop't with dust! His premises do not seem to be sound where wine and kisses are concerned. The case law is overwhelmingly contradictory.

"The British Army"

THIS book is not due till November, but as it is by Lt.-Col. Graham Seton-Hutchison, D.S.O., M.C., with a Foreword by Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery, G.C.B., D.S.O., it is pretty certain to be a good one, for not only does the author know his subject, but he writes so well, a great boon at any time, but especially so in this epoch, when so much is just a rapid splutter of words blazed into the brown in the fond hope that they may hit the target. The book is to contain many photographs of the modern Army in action, selected from those in the official archives; and line-drawings depicting the history and evolution of the Army, its dress and weapons, by Charles Paine, and will be published by Messrs. Elkin Mathews Ltd. (The National Magazine Co., Ltd.).

It is further suggested that this book will make an admirable and much-treasured present at Christmas-time, especially for any soldier;



Racehorse Trainer's Daughter Marries

Miss Sheila Winter, the well-known Longfield racehorse trainer, Mr. Fred Winter's eldest daughter, was married recently at the Oratory of St. Francis, Hartley, Kent, to Capt. James Peevey, U.S.A.F., of Wichita Falls, Texas, U.S.A. The couple are seen leaving the church after the ceremony

and as paper is still in such restricted supply, there may not be so many copies to spare. The book has been read and approved by the Official Historian, who also made valuable suggestions. The author, of course, is a very well-known military historian and commentator, among whose publications also are *The W Plan* and many popular novels, and such works as *Warrior*, *Footslogger*, *Kitchener—the Man*, *Cecil Rhodes—the Man*, *Machine Guns: Their History and Tactical Employment*, etc. Not having, even yet, outgrown the love of vivid adventure stories, *The W Plan* is one of my bedside books.

A Newmarket Christening

THE central figure at St. Agnes's Church, Exning, on October 9th was Arthur Roger, son and heir of Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort,

His Majesty's trainer, and of Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort, who is a daughter of Major-General Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys. Sir James was formerly Colonel of the Gordons and O.C. the illustrious 51st Highland Division from 1931 to 1935. The baby was given the name of Arthur after Cecil Boyd-Rochfort's very gallant brother, who got the Cross "For Valour" in 1915 for picking up an unexploded grenade and throwing it away, thereby saving the lives of a number of his battalion of the Scots Guards, in which regiment Cecil also served. Their father was in the 15th Hussars and their mother

(Concluded on page 116)



At Kelso Horse Show

The Countess of Haddington was photographed at Kelso Horse Show with her daughter, Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, who was riding her pony Isca. Holding firmly on to the bridle is Lady Arabella Stuart, youngest daughter of the late Earl of Moray, and Barbara Countess of Moray



Horse Show in

The Eighth Armoured Brigade recently held a very successful show in Hanover in which all ranks competed, and events were won by occupational troops and civilians. A group of the judges included Brig. E. Prior-Palmer, Eighth Armoured L. T. S. Chutter, Capt. R. D. Whitcombe and Major A. A. F.

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

was a sister of the renowned Mrs. Cheape, "The Squire of Bentley," mother of Leslie, the polo international, and dear little Maudie Ellis, whose death was so bad a shock to so many of us. The baby was given the name of Roger after Sir James and Lady Burnett's only son, who was killed in action late on in this war, a cause of deep grief to his parents and family and to all who knew him. With such fighting antecedents it seemed peculiarly appropriate that Arthur Roger should have been christened at Exning, the ancient Ixning, for it takes its name from that warlike tribe, the Iceni, who formed the cavalry mass of the army of the valiant Queen Boudicca, more familiar, perhaps, to Smith Minor as Boadicea. The Iceni would have been very unlike any other cavalry soldiers, if they had not held a race meeting somewhere near their H.Q., but as to this the Newmarket records are unfortunately silent.

Fox-Hunting in the Edgware Vale

THE pack employed to destroy the roost-robbers in this built-up area is not a fox-hound one. The Aldenham Harriers were re-established in 1920, their original birth-date being 1878, by the purchase of the Brighton and Brookside Harriers, about whom Mr. Bromley Davenport was so very rude in his famous phrase, "Lowesby Hall." As he was equally unkind about the York and Ainsty, it is possible that the Brookside managed to bear it! These little dogs are no doubt quite fast enough to catch any varmint "in fair round belly with good capon lin'd," and are doing fine work in these times when eggs are almost as rare as The Roc. A galloping fox of the kind Mr. Bromley-Davenport and, of course, many others knew, would laugh at the best harrier ever whelped. Lest, however, any aspersion be read into this, let the hunting student not forget that Corbet's famous Trojan was more harrier than fox-hound, and was one of the most marvellous jumpers in all hound history. He proved his worth both in the field and at the stud as Warwickshire and other records attest.

As You Were

KHALED has won the Middle Park just as much as he liked, just as he won the Coventry Stakes (from the odds-on Sky High) and the Ashley Stakes (on Derby Day) from Pandemonium. The Coventry is classed as the Two-Year-Olds' Two Thousand, the Middle Park as their Derby. According to plan, therefore, the fielders are provided with a ready-made favourite for the Derby of 1946. Ought we to be? I suggest not so. Sky High, who started at 7 to 2 on for the Coventry, could not make Khaled (9 to 2) gallop. Lord Derby, however, has another one called Gulf Stream, who recently won the 6-furlong Gimcrack just as he liked from the odds-on Rivaz. Not one of the real cracks was engaged in the Middle Park. I suggest, therefore, that you and I sit on the splicie where Khaled is concerned. His Majesty's Hypericum recently won a 6-furlong race at Ascot very easily, but here again I say "Wait!" Khaled is a fine strapping colt, but there are one or two others! The result of the Cesarewitch was: (1) Kerry Piper; (2) Lady Crusader; (3) Voluntary.



International Rugger Personalities of the London Scottish XV., and Richmond and Blackheath's Combined XV.

Three Scottish Rugger Internationals who now play for the newly-formed London Scottish XV. are Capt. J. R. Henderson, S/Ldr. Keith Geddes, D.F.C., who was Scotland's full-back in all the matches last season, and Sub/Lt. A. E. Murray, R.N.V.R.

Seen together are Col. R. G. S. (Jack) Hobbs, R.A., who played for England in 1932 and is an ex-Richmond forward, and Lt.-Col. R. H. O'Brien, present secretary of Richmond and Blackheath, who also played for the club before the war

Vivian G. Weston was one of Scotland's forwards in 1936 and 1937, and has been in the Army for the past five years; with him is Alistair Ogilvie, who was in the London Scottish pack in 1934 and has played in the first three matches this season

D. R. Stuart



Gordon Richards brings in *Sez You*—his one-hundredth winner this season

Autumn Racing at Windsor

● The bright weather and the attractive programme of events drew a large attendance of visitors to the racing at Windsor. One of the most interesting races of the day was the Iron Duke Stakes for two-year-olds, which was won stylishly by *Radiotherapy*, and may have a distinct bearing on the future. Other races on the day were the *Brocas Plate*, where the winner, *Fair Weather*, was little fancied in the market; the *Waterloo Handicap*, and the *Eton Stakes*, which was won by Sir Edward, with H. Wragg up

Photographs by Swaebe



A good win—or is it just another of Bud's stories? Mr. Jack Olding and Mr. Bud Flanagan



A matter of moment: Mr. Wilfred Johnstone, chairman of Sandown Park, Miss Victoria Villiers and the Earl of Rosebery



Enthusiastic racegoers: the Duchess of Norfolk and Major Geoffrey Harbord



Lady owners: Lady Cunliffe-Owen and Mrs. May Harvey



A moment's solitude: Sir Harry Methven



Two's company: Lt. B. Tuck and the Hon. Lydia Noel-Buxton

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Elizabeth Bowen

The Corsican

NAPOLEON, as it has been remarked, avenged himself on his longstanding foes by his capture of the British imagination. He has fascinated us. More portraits of him and more books about him exist, I should imagine, here, than in any country other than France. We can enjoy his greatness without any kind of responsibility for its effects; he is cut out for us more dramatically and more sharply than any of the figures in our own history. The cult of Napoleon, like most forms of hero-worship, breeds a sort of luxuriance of its own—the level of silliness among British devotees is, I am sorry to say, remarkable. And at the same time, at this side of the Channel, what one might almost call piety surrounds his image—attempts to compare Hitler with Napoleon have raised, in many quarters, an outcry. Discounting this, it would not seem unfair to say that Hitler was Napoleon's malformed and hideous ideological descendant.

No book belittling Napoleon would, I consider, ever do well here. Dormer Creston's *In Search of Two Characters* (Macmillan; 18s.) does not belittle, but it does analyse—with a certain cool, disinterested, Jane Austenian coolness which the more heated devotee may find disconcerting—the Corsican lawyer's son who made himself Emperor of France. This is a book as fascinating as its fascinating subject deserves: that it should be full, authentic and various will surprise no one who remembers (and who can be so ungrateful as to forget?) that Miss Creston was the author of *The Regent and His Daughter*.

Here, again, Miss Creston has given us a study of domestic relationships: we have Napoleon Bonaparte (strictly, Buonaparte) as son and brother (in that intensive middle-class Corsican family atmosphere ruled by the long-nosed matriarch, Lætitia); as clumsy cadet guest; as alarming host; as suitor, then husband, to two successive women; as the unrewarding charge of Sir Hudson Lowe. And, as father—for the second character of which this book is in search, is that of Napoleon's son, the ill-fated King of Rome.

Napoleon's so-called love-life (extra-marital amours) is more or less left out of *In Search of Two Characters*: la Walewska and others are only fleetingly mentioned; and only mentioned at all when their existences brought about any crisis in the infinitely more important domestic sphere. This would seem to me final proof, were such needed, both of Miss Creston's shrewdness and of her artistic sense of relevance and proportion. We have had our glut of "great lovers" from Hollywood: the

ordered and voluntary part of a great man's emotional life always seems to me more interesting than its side-lines or aberrations.

"When I First Put This Uniform On—"

NAPOLEON, in whom all qualities were outsize, had, as Miss Creston throughout makes clear, a flaming bourgeois sense of propriety. He hated the ridiculous, the untoward—the more bitterly because, in his own



Gerald Hollis (Helena Gibbon, F.R.S.A., F.C.I.A.D.), who is holding an exhibition of her work at the Brook Street Art Gallery on November 2nd to 17th, has previously held shows there in 1935 and in 1938. An extremely colourful and accomplished artist, she has exhibited at the Royal Academy, also in Canada, South Africa and the U.S.A.

boyhood, he had been found ridiculous. His time at the École Militaire, in Paris, was a purgatory that he never wholly forgot: he was poor, awkward, completely socially obscure; he spoke excruciating Corsican French. No excess of the Revolution, probably, ever compensated him for what he had endured from cadets of noblesse families: his career as a snob—and it was snobbishness, Miss Creston

suggests, that as much as anything else warped his destiny and vitiated his character—had, at its root, the desire to even up. His military début, sartorially, was not impressive: his first appearance in uniform was greeted by shrieks of mirth and irrepressible giggles by the two little Permon girls. His frequentation, as a cadet, of the Permons' house in Paris (Mme. Permon was a Corsican, and a friend of his mother's, but the family had become completely Parisian in its sophistication and gaiety) provides the opening, and not least delicious, chapter of *In Search of Two Characters*.

Laure Permon, the younger of the two little gigglers overcome by those very thin legs in those very large military boots, was in time to marry one of Napoleon's generals—Junot. Breathless, as Junot's sixteen-year-old fiancée, she was led to be presented to the great man whom her sister, Cécile (how few years ago, really!) had hailed as "Puss in Boots." It is from Laure Permon's (later Laure Junot's) memoirs that some of Miss Creston's most delicate stuff is drawn; for Laure enjoyed all the kindness of Josephine, and as a young married woman was constantly at Malmaison. . . . Another schoolgirl who gives us her schoolgirl angle, and whose attitude to the First Consul remained for years mutinous, though it was never flippant, is Hortense de Beauharnais, Josephine's child, his step-daughter. When the engagement to Josephine was announced, Napoleon was already not only the lion of France and the dread of Europe, but "the rage" among the girls at Hortense's school. The much-envied Mlle. de Beauharnais, however, remained frigid: it was quite simple—she just did not want a stepfather. It was only under pressure from her headmistress that she wrote Napoleon a letter—to which she received a really charmingly phrased but unhappily quite illegible reply.

Josephine and Louise

NAPOLEON, it is on record, proposed to Mme. Permon—who, as a nice woman, handled the matter well. Apparently, he saw this as one way out of a desired but also dreaded marriage to Josephine de Beauharnais, with whom he was already spending much of his time. His hesitations as to marrying Josephine were simple—he doubted whether his mother would approve of her. And he was right: Mme. Bonaparte *mère* did not. The sylph-like, gauzy, slumberous young Creole widow, with her unburred past and her mondaine friends, was far from acceptable to the, in their own way, handsome but lumpy, provincial Corsican mother, brothers and sisters. The Bonaparte family, whatever their other divisions, solidly worked against Josephine—in the end, with success.

Miss Creston's picture of Josephine is sympathetic and, as a picture, adorable: I cannot feel that this portrait could have been better done. She not only speaks of, but shows in play, Josephine's "genius of personality"—and, she has rendered the atmosphere (the

(Concluded on page 120)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I AGREE with the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury: lots of young people are growing up with nasty little "cinema minds"—especially girls. But what on earth she or anybody else is going to do about it, I really do not know. The vast majority of "idiot" films being what they are, the result in the long run is bound to breed a vast majority of "idiots" among their audiences. Older people, with what I will call a matured "cinema mind," enjoy them as a relaxation. But young people who have nothing in their own experience of life with which to make comparisons are bound to accept trash for gospel, especially when it is all made so glamorous and daring. The whole dashing caboodle dinned into their vision as "the most stupendous, dangerous, passionate, exciting love-story ever filmed"—or weekly pre-view words to like effect. And so long as Sex and Murder are "good box-office"—as they are and always will be, human nature being what it is—there is bound to arise a generation with "cinema minds": precocious, predatory and preposterous.

A wider and deeper education all round may help: more playing-fields undoubtedly will. Nevertheless,

in a world in which one-half is being brought up on false, tawdry and subversive notions—a kind of "good box-office" standard of morals and behaviour—there will always be the problem of the addled adolescent mind living in a dream-world of its own, more or less irresponsible and asinine.

Oh, if only there were a censor for silliness as there is for dirt, for nasty innuendo as there is for truth! But there isn't. Consequently, although the "cinema mind" is just about the dullest thing in nature, if everything is done to cultivate it—what else can anybody expect?

A better class of film-story is the only ray of hope that I can see. And this may come about by a "phenomenon" which few people have noticed. It is the number—not a large number, alas! but a very definite one—of young people who are to-day showing an interest in non-sexy, not physically-violent, subjects. To give but one example: the crowd which now flocks into the National Gallery,

the South Kensington Museum, the British Museum, is strangely different from the few adults who used to frequent these places, and by their behaviour indicated not so much a love of the beautiful as that they had come in out of the rain. To-day it consists of quite a large proportion of young people who are taking a personal interest in what they see.

Public libraries and reading-rooms are largely frequented by adolescents. If only in big towns there were subsidised theatres showing the best plays, well acted and at prices within the range of those earning less than two pounds a week, the audience would, I believe, consist largely of young people. The natural interest and curiosity is there, but at present it is fobbed-off mostly with glamour girls and gangsters, with very few alternative pictures from week to week. Thus, just as the old-fashioned melodrama got laughed off the stage at last, so perhaps the sillier films will cease to be "good box-office." The "cinema mind" will, of course, be with us still—it is inherent to some people and they never grow out of it. Nevertheless, when it is not fed quite so relentlessly on "clap-trap," it may not advertise itself so much.

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Bairstow — Hodgkins
Major Richard Peter Bairstow, West Yorkshire Regiment, son of Sir Edward C. Bairstow, Hon. D.Litt. (Leeds), Mus.D. (Dunelm), F.R.C.O., married Miss K. Hodgkins, in London



Cooper — Hollowell

Dr. Peter B. S. Cooper, M.B., younger son of Dr. and Mrs. D. Stirling Cooper, of 2, Westcotes Drive, Leicester, married Miss P. K. Noelle Hollowell, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. C. Hollowell, of Bodeites, Charterhouse, Godalming, Surrey, at St. Nicholas's Church, Compton, Berks



Fleming — Elliott
Capt. Dean Stephen Fleming, son of Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Fleming, of U.S.A., married Miss Elizabeth Elliott, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Elliott, of Thirlestane, Lauder



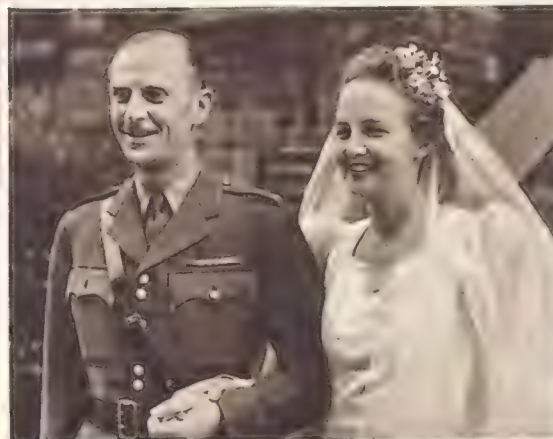
Williamson — Spencer

Major Charles Williamson, M.C., The Sherwood Foresters, son of the late Rev. C. A. Williamson, and of Mrs. Williamson, of Bexhill-on-Sea, married Miss Guinevere Elsie Spencer, V.A.D., only daughter of Lt.-Col. Almeric Spencer, O.B.E., R.A., and Mrs. Almeric Spencer, of Trafford House, Great Missenden, Bucks



Hutchings — Carter

Major B. L. B. Hutchings, King's Dragoon Guards, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Hutchings, of Seaford, Sussex, married Miss Anne Marie Carter, V.A.D., daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Cecil Carter, of Folly Cottage, Cookham Dean, at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington



Cameron — Henniker Heaton

Major N. K. Cameron, Coldstream Guards, son of the late Mr. W. Keith Cameron and of Mrs. Cameron, of 7, Sloane Street, London, S.W., married Miss Rose Anne Henniker Heaton, of 33, Elystan Place, London, S.W.3, elder daughter of Sir Herbert Henniker Heaton, K.C.M.G.



Aboyneau — Davet

Vice-Admiral Aboyneau, who was one of General de Gaulle's officers in London, where he commanded the Fighting French Navy, has been married in Paris to Mlle. Kelly Davet, daughter of the French Military Attaché in Berné



Hunt — Steel

Major Patrick Anthony Hunt, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Hunt, of Elmwood, Hornchurch, Essex, married Miss Eve Yolande (Dinkie) Steel, W.R.N.S., younger daughter of Col. C. N. Steel and Mrs. Steel, of Hill House, Eversley, Hants, at the Brompton Oratory



Monro — Hosking

Capt. G. K. Monro, Royal Engineers, only son of Major and Mrs. K. N. Monro, of Headley Down, Bordon, Hants, married Miss Ann Hosking, W.T.S. (F.A.N.Y.), from East Africa, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hosking, of St. Martin's Church, Jhansi, India

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 105)

Lord Congleton's uncle, Lord Strathcona, with his wife and family, have been making their usual long stay at Colonsay, yet another, though larger, island domain.

Opening Night

THERE was a big crowd at Cirò's for the opening night of Ambrose and his Band after their long absence from the West End. Most of the players in this band have been in the Services or on some sort of war work during the past few years. It was quite a pre-war scene, with many of the women wearing full evening dress and lovely jewels.

Up on the balcony the Hon. Max Aitken and Mr. Whitney Straight had a joint party of thirty-six at one long table. Their guests included the Earl and Countess of Dudley and one of Lord Dudley's twin brothers, the Hon. George Ward, and his attractive wife, who is a daughter of the Countess of Westmorland. The Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill was in the party, looking pretty in black. Lady Isobel Guinness, who was with her husband, Mr. Loel Guinness, was also in black, as were the Duchess of Westminster and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg. Lady Stanley of Alderley and Lady Throckmorton both looked lovely in white, the latter wearing some of her magnificent jewellery, which included a floral spray of diamonds, which she wore in her hair. Mrs. John Lawson wore a striking dress with a red top and a grey satin skirt. Others I noticed in the party were Lady Killearn, Sir Robert Throckmorton, Mr. Bobby Sweeney, Mrs. Paravicini, Lady Isabel Milles, Mr. Ronald Tree, Mr. Michael Portman, Mrs. Robin Wilson, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, brother of Lord Lovat of Commando fame, Mr. Hamar Bagnell the cricketer, the Hon. Anthony Acton and Mr. Vivien Cornelius.

Downstairs

AT a sofa table downstairs Viscount Tarbat, the Countess of Cromartie's son and heir, was dining à deux; he was in khaki and the only man in the room wearing a kilt. Sir Nigel Mordaunt, who has only just returned to England after two years on the staff in Italy, was with Lady Mordaunt, entertaining a party of six. Mrs. Charles Sweeney and Lady Bridgett Poulett were with two American naval officers

at another table, and Col. Humphrey Butler was entertaining Inga Anderson.

The stage was well represented with Pat Taylor, Jack Hylton, Walter Crisham, Vic Oliver, Richard Tauber and Margaret Rutherford, who has made such a great personal success in both the stage and film versions of Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*.

Electrical Exhibition

THE "First Women's Electrical" Exhibition was held recently at Dorland House, to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of the Electrical Association for Women. The Association was founded shortly after the last war, not only to bring to the notice of all women throughout the country the great benefits electricity could confer by lightening domestic work and enriching home comforts, but also to open up greater opportunities for careers for women in the electrical world.

This war has shown us what a lot the nation gained from the foundations laid by this Association. During the past six years women have been working with the forces as electricians, X-ray operators, teleprinters, telephone operators, and in every line of electrically operated equipment. Even in the Women's Land Army they used electricity for much of their work, especially in farm and dairy work.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, looking charming in a navy-blue dress and hat with a short blue fox coat, opened the exhibition with a short speech, and then toured all the exhibits, taking the greatest interest in all she saw and asking many questions about their working. Lord Brabazon of Tara, a pioneer of motoring and flying (he holds the first certificate ever granted by the Aero Club for pilots), received the Duchess with the Dowager Lady Swaythling, president of the Association, and



Dining Out in London

Swaeb

Talking to Ferraro at the Bagatelle were Brig. and Mrs. Peto. Brig. C. H. M. Peto is the Conservative Member for Barnstaple, in North Devon, who formed and commanded the 29th Armoured Brigade till May 1942, the 137th Armoured Brigade until October 1943, and was Chief Liaison Officer of the Twenty-first Army Group

Miss Caroline Haslett. Among those presented to her Royal Highness were Alderman Mrs. Gregory, O.B.E., a former Mayor of West Ham, Sir John Kennedy, who has been a leading figure in the electrical world for many years, Mr. F. Newey, Mr. Randall, Mr. C. Parker, Mr. Harold Hobson and Mr. Dale.

Among the countless others who attended the official opening were Dame Laughton Mathews, Director of W.R.N.S., the Earl and Countess of Lytton (the latter in her Red Cross uniform) and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Sir Frank and Lady Alexander.

The exhibition will be open to the public until to-morrow, October 25th. The most popular exhibits have so far proved to be the white and gleaming streamline washer, the latest model cooker arranged under a glasslike transparent plastic cover which permits full view of the "works," and the model dining kitchen which incorporates the latest "easy-to-clean" feature.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 118)

mirrored rooms, the gauze-veiled candles, flowery Malmaison) that was so much part of Josephine's self. What is more, she shows the penetration and range of a fine novelist in her whole treatment of the Napoleon-Josephine marriage.

Comparatively, the second, the Marie Louise marriage, offers less scope: but Miss Creston, at least, has pierced through the façade of ambition and formality to the human core. She is far from free—admirably far from free—in her use of pathos; but she does at least direct kindly interest to the little loyal, stolid, bewildered Austrian bride, with her school-room interests and her Habsburg lip.

The Lost Child

GRIMNESS, in *In Search of Two Characters*, has been reserved for the St. Helena passages, for Longwood with its claustrophobia and spleen. There is one relief—the last of the series of frisky, irrepressible little girls (this time, Betsy Balcombe) holds her little mirror up: this time, to catch the Napoleonic sunset. Betsy's be-rosed ball dress must have been the last pretty garment that Napoleon—adorer of dress in general, and infatuee of Josephine's toilettes—ever touched.

And tragedy is reserved for the King of Rome—the lost child, Rostand's *L'Aiglon*, that golden baby begotten in pride, the bourgeois genius's delicate Royal son, the nineteen-year-old who, having lived through a solitary era of dreams and hopes, coughed and choked his life

out on a hot night at Schönbrunn. I imagine history can hardly show a sadder, youthful form.

All the scenes and all the dialogue in this book gain force from their palpable authenticity: one may feel convinced that Miss Creston is indulging in no imaginary flights. A sort of lyricism and freshness comes from so much of the material having been drawn from young minds. This is in the best sense—and how good that can be!—a feminine book. If you wished you could read alongside, as its complement, some other writer's account of the political career and the campaigns. . . . Occasionally, I quarrel with the over-Gallic formations of Miss Creston's style: one or two of her paragraphs read like literal translations from the French. That may, however, be because she has—to our great enjoyment and benefit—saturated herself in French memoirs.

Somebody Else's House

HYPER-FEMININE, also, is Elizabeth Taylor's *At Mrs. Lippincote's* (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.). Julia, the heroine of this novel, is the wife of an R.A.F. officer, the mother of an enchanting son, Oliver, and the cousin-in-law of a well-meaning, difficult spinster, Eleanor. Why Eleanor dwells with her cousin Roddy and his wife is never made quite clear: the arrangement—tense, and never quite a success—ends in an all-round nerve storm.

"Mrs. Lippincote's" is a furnished house—substantial but melancholy old-fashioned villa in a crescent—unwillingly inhabited by the

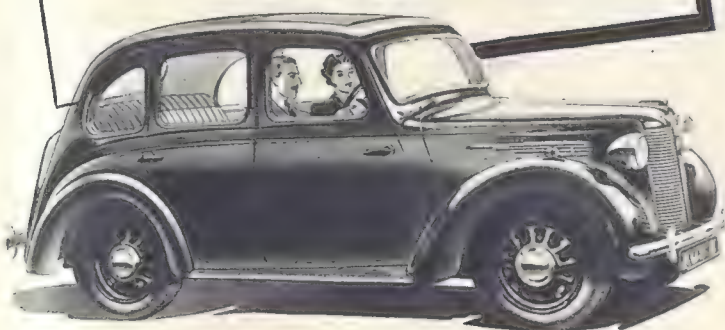
family because Roddy is stationed near by. The discomforts of living in somebody else's atmosphere (and Mrs. Lippincote's is a most pungent atmosphere) and surrounded by somebody else's belongings, are quite brilliantly portrayed. And Julia herself—erratic, melancholy, elegant and dishevelled—is a charmer. Equally does the reader become involved with the Brontë-esque Wing-Commander. Malicious and poetic pictures alternate in this novel, with its inconsequential dialogue and strangely, fateful undertow. I think my only criticism is that *At Mrs. Lippincote's* contains too many unusual characters—but so, one might also say, did the novels of that genius, Stella Benson. Miss Elizabeth Taylor—whose first full-length book this is—is a woman to watch: distinction, sensibility and originality glow on every page she has written here. *At Mrs. Lippincote's* absorbed me while I was reading, and has haunted me (as few novels do) since.

The Benchley Touch

THE divine funniness of Robert Benchley is a gift to our age. I hope his increasing, and more than deserved, screen popularity will not obscure his literary gift from the public view. In *One Minute, Please* (Denis Dobson; 7s. 6d.), we have a high-standard collection of Benchley pieces; illustrated by Gluyas Williams—who, as a draftsman, is another five-star American funny man. I like best of all Mr. Benchley in his domestic vein—call him the sad troubadour of family life. "Kiddie-Kar Travel," "A Good Old-Fashioned Christmas," "The Stranger Within Our Gates," "The Homelike Hotel," and "Ask That Man," are inimitable. I name a few high peaks only—Benchley is never flat.

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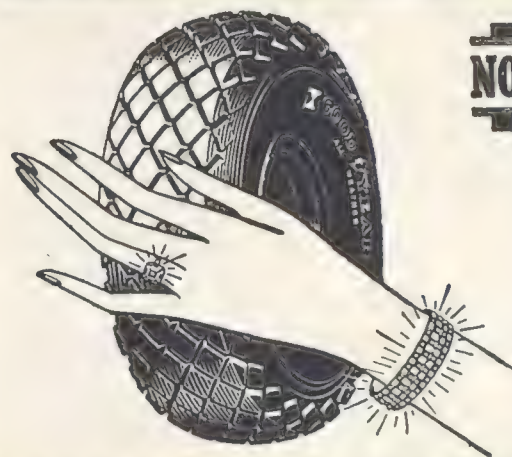


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NOV. 10

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by **Jean Lorimer**

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Photographs by Dormer Cole



● THE SQUARE NECK, gauged sleeves and modest little peplum front all charmingly emphasise the simplicity of this young-looking dinner frock. A touch of sophistication is given by the lovely ruby and diamond ear-rings and the exquisite clips and matching bracelet. *Harvey Nichols* have the dress; *The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.*, of *Regent Street*, the jewels





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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE steps up to the railway platform were steep, and this, added to the weight of the bag, caused the large man to pant considerably.

"Carry your bag, sir?" asked a small boy.

"No, get out of my way," came the answer, between gasps.

The lad persisted, however, and made the stout one so angry that he snapped his sudden refusal with a force that was not to be questioned.

"Well, can I hold your breath, sir?" jeered the lad as he bolted.

A MEMBER of a firm which made novelties rushed into his partner's office with a rough model of something he had just thought of. It was pretty complicated.

"Look!" he said. "I've got an inkwell, calendar, small clock, paper-weight, pencil-sharpener—see! At the back of the calendar—place for stamps. Nice, eh? And look, this bronze dog is a fine decoration—and off comes his head for cigarettes."

The other partner studied the contraption for a long time.

"It's superb," he said at last, but he added, sadly: "It lacks something. I don't know what, but—ah! I've got it!" he pounded the table enthusiastically: "From somewhere should come music."



Alexander Bender

Alison Leggatt is now appearing in "Duet for Two Hands" at the Lyric Theatre as Herda Sarclet, the part which she has so successfully taken over from Elspeth March. In the last few years she has devoted most of her time to films, and among her successes are the parts of the embittered Aunt Sylvia in "This Happy Breed" and the meddlesome sister-in-law in "Waterloo Road"

"WELL, how are things going?" asked a man in the bar of his bookmaker friend.

"Simply terrible," replied the bookie, with a sigh. "I lost a packet over the Derby."

"But didn't you do any good at Ascot?"

"No, that was even worse."

"But surely you got home a bit over Goodwood!"

The bookie sighed more heavily.

"No, I went down again."

His friend then said: "Well, why don't you give it up? It doesn't seem much good to you."

"Give it up?" asked the bookmaker in surprise. "Don't be a fool, man—why, it's my living!"

AN associate editor of a very well-known periodical, had been fretting over his expanding waistline. One day he got a terrific jolt when his overcoat wouldn't button in the middle. Later he discovered that two of his assistants had carefully moved all the buttons two inches to the right.

AN Irish sergeant had been drilling a singularly unresponsive troop of recruits and had been unable to make them march in step and in good dressing. At last, however, just as he was about to give up in despair, he managed to get them to do it correctly.

"Begob!" he roared, "but you've done it at last, me lads! Fall out now and take a look at yourselves so you'll know how to do it next toime!"

ACCORDING to an explorer, white elephants are practically extinct. And, owing to reduction in strength of alcoholic beverages, the pink variety are very seldom seen either.

SMITH bought a parrot which he was assured was a good talker and would repeat everything spoken in its hearing. A month later, however, he returned to the shop with the bird.

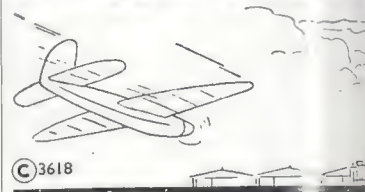
"What's the matter with the parrot?" asked the dealer.

"W-w-why," replied Smith, "the d-d-darn b-b-bird s-s-stutters!"

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A new type has joined the Squadron—Acting Pilot Officer "Sprog." He took rather a dim view until his mother put him on "Cow & Gate." Now he says life is WIZZO! When he goes for a "Burpton" he always comes back for more.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Prestwick Pros

PERHAPS it was a valid excuse for the present government's delay in stating a civil air transport policy to say that it had not made up its mind. By the time these notes appear, it should at last have done so and Lord Winster should have made his proposals.

But unless he discloses something very astonishing, it will remain a puzzle why the acceptance of Prestwick as the main Atlantic terminal could not have been agreed to with less loss of time.

There has been a sort of battle going on between Rineanna and Prestwick. It would not have gone on if the Ministry of Civil Aviation had been rather clearer about what it wanted and what it did not want. It would not have taken anybody with a knowledge of aviation, and especially of Atlantic aviation, more than five minutes to decide that Prestwick should be given official status as the Atlantic terminal.

Above all things Britain must not, by these interminable official delays, be marooned among the long distance airways of the world, with the long range machines passing her on all sides, but never calling.

Eire has played her cards wisely and well. She has gone some way to putting Rineanna, on the Shannon, in; and putting Prestwick out. United States lines do not want to hold up their flying while British Ministers are making up their minds and, consequently, they have begun to look favourably on Rineanna, to which they have already been flying.

Yet for Britain Prestwick has all the advantages. It has proved its merits as an Atlantic terminal during the war. It serves directly one area of high population density and it serves indirectly many others in the mainland of Britain. I hope that by the time these words are printed, somebody in Parliament will have squeezed an answer out of Lord Winster or Mr. Ivor Thomas as to why there was so long a delay in this matter.

Heath Row

THEN there is the Heath Row row. Nobody in the House of Commons seized on the extraordinary



Mr. Sidney Bernstein has been visiting Germany. He is seen (right) with **F/Lt. R. C. Moody**, Public Relations Officer at B.A.F.O. H.Q., outside the Hotel Viktoria, Minden. Mr. Bernstein, who was Chief of the Films Division of the Psychological Warfare Division of S.I.A.E.F., has been supervising the production of official films of German concentration camps

fact that the £4,000,000 worth of work being done at Heath Row is being done for the Air Ministry.

Yet it was precisely because it was thought that the Service Ministries were unsuited to dealing with civil needs that civil aviation was taken out of the hands of the Air Ministry and a Ministry of Civil Aviation was created.

Heath Row was acquired under compulsory powers on the grounds that it was needed for operational purposes. Some people at the time expressed doubts about whether those really were the purposes. Soon we found that the doubters were right and that Heath Row was really designed to be London's civil airport. Yet it remains under the Air Ministry.

The fact is that civil aviation in Britain has very frequently been in a muddle, but that fever in its previous history has it been in such a muddle as it is now. And as the only answer that seems to be known to muddles nowadays is nationalization, we can be pretty certain where it will end up.

What an ironical conclusion for the work of the

individualists who have been the pioneers of flying and who have had to fight officialdom and bureaucracy all the way.

New Cars

My old friends of the Alvis Company have now announced their first post-war model. Their factory was totally destroyed in the bombing in 1940, and after that their activities were dispersed. Now the re-concentration of the company's manufacturing into the Coventry factory is well advanced and, by the spring, the new Fourteen should be coming out.

They are still, however, working on aircraft orders, and I imagine that their air-cooled radial engines will be continued in the future. One thing I am particularly glad to see is that the new Alvis car will have the four-speed synchro-mesh gear box. I have been using one of these boxes since 1938 and—if the new model has the same design—I would say that it is the pleasantest box there is.

Jaguar cars are also coming along, with the 1½ litre saloon in production at the Coventry works. Meanwhile, as in civil flying, policy keeps on getting in the hair of manufacture. Taxation methods, the purchase tax, road design and construction—these are the things that will influence the future of our motor car industry. The Parliamentary and Legal Council of the motor industry have issued a well-argued pamphlet. This is not concerned with the methods of taxation, or whether a petrol tax is better or worse than an engine capacity tax, but with the effects of the existing burden of taxation.

Speed Record

I WRITE before the attempt on the world's speed record has been made. There seems good ground for hoping that a new record will be set and that it may be over 600 miles an hour.

Both this record and the conference on screw threads in Canada are reminders, at different ends of the engineering scale, of how much more sensible we would be if we adopted the metric system in aviation and stuck to it for all things. The record figures are quoted in miles an hour; but that is a conversion. The only official figures must be given in the metric system, for that alone is the system accepted by the *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale*, which is the governing body. If the present government would go metric, I would forgive them everything!

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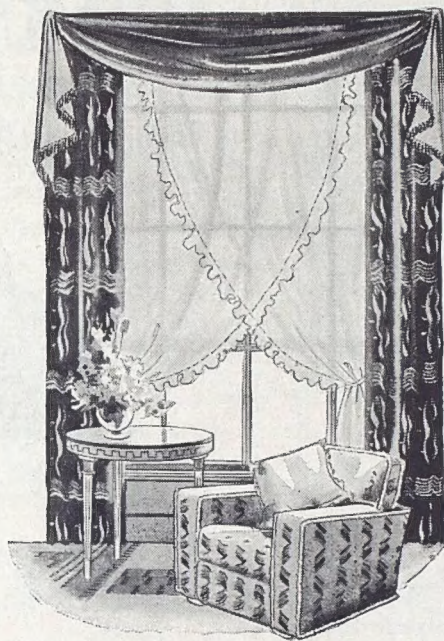


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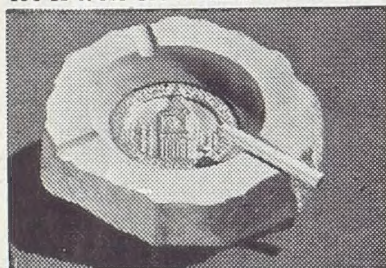
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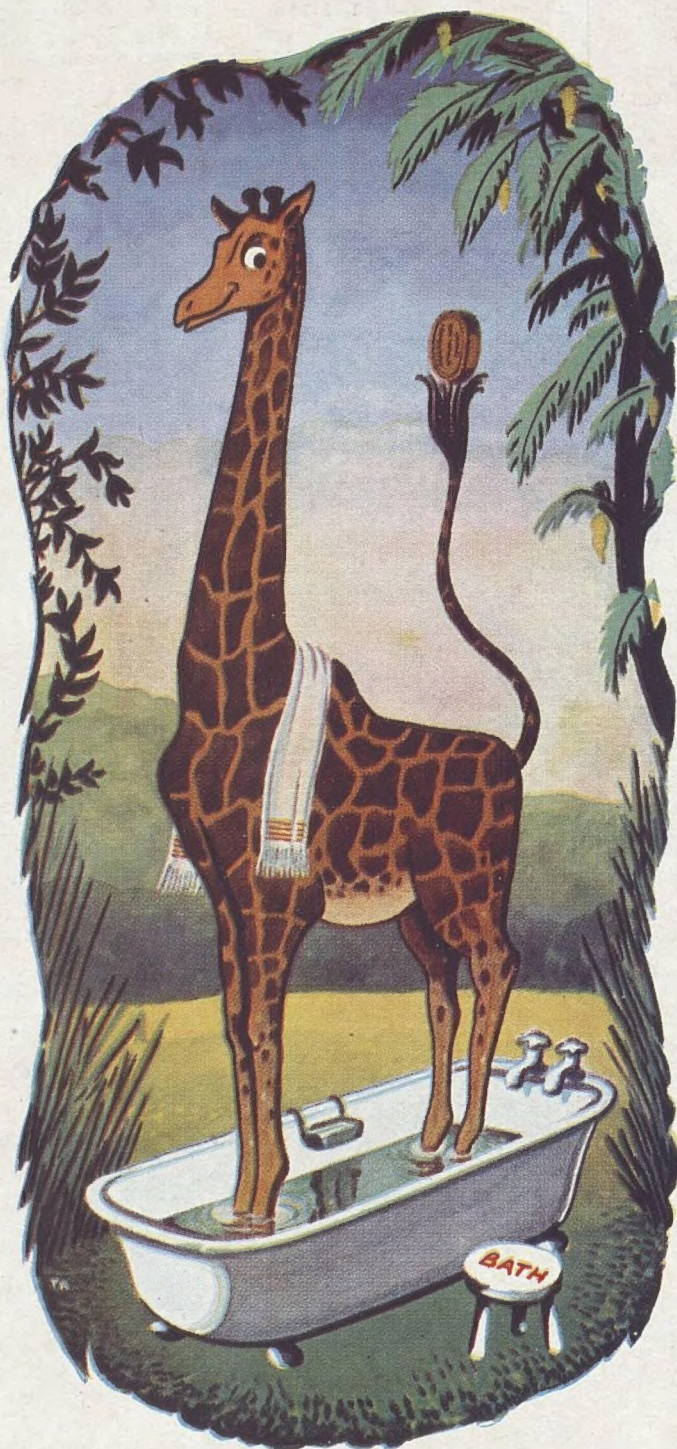


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